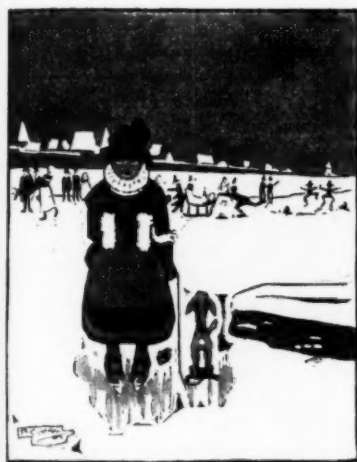


"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Pictorial variations on this theme after the manner of some of our most celebrated Artists.



After G. H. Boughton, R.A.



After Marcus Stone, R.A.



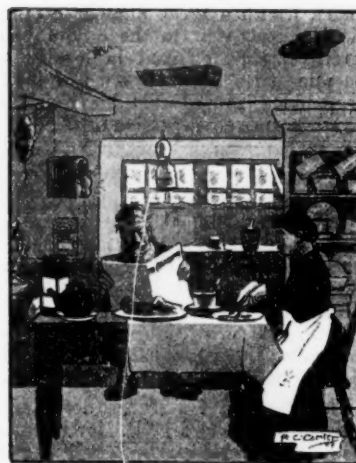
After F. Goodall, R.A.



After George Clausen, A.R.A.



After Alma Tadema, R.A.



After Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A.

OPERA NOTES.

Thursday, May 14.—Merry Monarch MANCINELLI resumes orchestral sceptre and conducts *Cavalleria*. Miss CHARLOTTE WYNS, as *Santuzza*, did not justify the verb (third person present singular, of course) which forms her surname. Not the *Santuzza* wanted. *Pagliacci*, now accepted as the twin opera to *Cavalleria*, was capitally given, the *Nedda* of Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF being excellent, while M. SALIGNAC, Signor SCOTTI, and Mr. LAURENCE REA as *Silvio*, completed a first-rate cast.

Friday, May 15.—Ovation to Conductor HANS RICHTER as usual. Herr ANTHES as *Siegfried* pre-eminently good and worthy of Fräulein REINL's fine *Brünnhilde*. As *Stimme des Waldvogels* Frau FEUGE GLEISS sang sweetly; amusing as *Mime* was Herr REISS. At this point, finding we are dropping into poetry, we give ourselves pause, and, "pause off," we resume next week, when we shall be glad to welcome *Romeo* and *Rigoletto*.

A Want Supplied?

Is another year to pass without any passenger traffic per steamboat on the river Thames? Yet the Parisians are well supplied with light steamers, "*mouches*," on the Seine. Why can they do with the river at Paris what we can't with our river in London? The only possible answer seems to be that their river traffic is managed by Seine Commissioners, while ours is governed by— At this instant "a sail in sight appears! We hail it with three cheers!" An offer, says the *Daily Express*, May 16, has been made by Mr. BICKLEY to start a Thames Steamer Service.

A Nice Distinction.

"THE official list of the strength of the Manchester Regiment, just landed at Singapore, reads:—20 officers and 2 ladies; 4 warrant officers and 2 wives; 518 rank and file and 10 women and 12 children."—*Singapore Free Press*.

THE "PASSIVE RESISTANCE" MOVEMENT.

[“If the former chief of the Birmingham Education League puts me in prison for refusing to pay the Education Rate, I think his days as Colonial Secretary are numbered (*Loud and continuous applause*).”—*Extract from the “Westminster Gazette’s” report of a sermon by Rev. R. J. Campbell at the mid-day “service” at the “City Temple,” May 14.*]

THE following further cases of conscientious but passive resistance to the law have come under Mr. *Punch’s* notice:—

JAMES DEWAR ALLSOPP BURTON, describing himself as a pro-publican, was charged at the Whitefriars Police Court with sacrilegious behaviour in the Temple Church. Prisoner, it was stated, had concealed himself in the pulpit and, just before the hour of the sermon, had emerged from his hiding-place and attempted to give an electioneering address on the subject of the Non-Renewal of Licenses. Asked to explain his conduct he declared that he held conscientious views about Compensation, and had gathered from a report of one of the Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL’s discourses that the pulpit was a recognised sort of hustings. Admitted that he had been at fault in not distinguishing between different kinds of Temples, City and others. Had, however, offered no effective resistance when distrained by two sidesmen and a verger.

THE MAC TAVISH, a Private in the Volunteer Company of the Bonnie Sporrans, was charged before the Waverley magistrates with being drunk and incapable and resisting the police. Prisoner pleaded guilty, but alleged that, as a matter of conscience, he had felt compelled to drink the KING’s health a great number of times on the occasion of His Majesty’s visit to the city of Glasgow. Glasgow had never yet been eclipsed in loyalty by Auld Reekie. At the same time the very terms of his charge—“drunk and incapable”—proved that his resistance to the police must have been merely a passive one.

Before the Flint Justices, JOHN MORMON UTAH-JONES was charged with trigamy. Prisoner explained that on the ground of hereditary scruples he objected to the principles of monogamy. As a fact, however, his own tastes had not been consulted in the matter of his marriage with either the second or the third Mrs. UTAH-JONES, both of whom had annexed him under the compulsion of bodily fear. His defiance of the law might therefore justly be described as passive. He was quite willing, if given the option of a fine under the First Offenders’ Act, to allow his last two wives to be distrained.

The Rev. Dr. MANSFIELD, described as a non-conspiring leader of the Oxford P. R. Movement, was summoned before the Martyrs’ Memorial Bench for refusing to pay the Education Rate. Defendant protested that, as a matter of conscience, he would sooner see any young child taught the cannibalistic tenets of the Congo Arabs than imbibing any form of Christian doctrine that differed, even immaterially, from what the defendant happened to believe. Had he been present on the occasion of his brother CAMPBELL’s political manifesto at the City Temple, his applause should have helped to bring the sacred house down.

At the same Court Mr. WILLIAM JEMMY SIKES, on whom a fine had been inflicted for false declaration of Income Tax, was now further charged with the active manslaughter of the distraining officer. Prisoner, whose previous contention had been that he could not conscientiously pay Income Tax on that portion of his revenue which he had acquired by dishonest means, now asserted that he had offered active assistance, rather than resistance, to the law. On seeing the officer approach his house he had voluntarily distrained his own goods, throwing a selection of them out into the street. This selection included a hall-clock and a complete edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The hall-clock had been suggested by the Rev. CAMPBELL as a fitting article

for sacrifice; while as for the *Encyclopædia* he had no more use for it, having finished his set of answers for the *Times* Competition; and anyhow it was a loan copy. He regretted extremely that in distraining this monumental work from out of the top-storey window he had caused the demise of the officer in question.

WHEN WE SLEEPING BEAUTIES AWAKEN.

(Lines written for a dinner of the Stage Society. With acknowledgments, for the title, to the Master.)

THERE was a time, as I am told,
Back in the dim Victorian Age,
When antic Custom, dull and cold,
Wrapped like a pall the British Stage;
And some among the best “reporters” said:—
“Dramatic Art is practically dead!”

But ere they fixed the funeral site
A race of Thinking Men arose,
Clapped on the corpse a searching light
And found her simply comatose;
(Four years ago they took this fearless line,
That is to say, in 1899).

Before the lapse of many days,
The Sleeping Beauty stirred in bed
And used the Tennysonian phrase:
“O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!”
From FREDERICK WHELEN came that clarion sound;
His was the smack that brought the lady round.

They fed her up (for she was weak
And swelled with swallowing windy puffs)
On German, Belgian, French and Greek,
On Norse and even native stuffs;
With urgent appetite the patient drank in
Essence of HAUPTMANN, HEIJERMANS and HANKIN.

Exotic fish and local fowl,
With these they plied her generous maw—
CUREL and BARKER, cheek by jowl,
And ISEN jostling BERNARD SHAW;
Thus, if *The Lady from the Sea* looked foreign,
For British Matrons there was Mrs. Warren.

Her moral frame expanded too
On transcendental meat and drink;
Of thoughts that ranged quite near the blue
She caught the missing MAETERLINCK;
And after meals of more than earthly manna,
Inhaled the stiffish fumes of *Monna Vanna*.

Taught, in *The Good Hope’s* crib, to know
The salient signs of healthy growth,
With every second word or so
She rapped you out a ribald oath;
Showing that, should her other powers go wrong,
Her language still could “suffer and be strong.”

Such is her progress, large and free,
Whose nerve, of late reduced to pulp,
I now and here propose that we
Should drink in one exhaustive gulp;
Long may her history, freed from hoary fossils,
Live in the Acts of You, her Young Apostles!

O. S.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.—“The Marquis (*sic*) DE PRACOMTAL was in a short bolero and skirt of blue marine serge piped with white, chemisette in white *linon*, and *ceinture* of white leather, hat in blue *paillasson*, trimmed with a garland of cornflowers.”—“Fashions in France” (*Draper’s Record*).

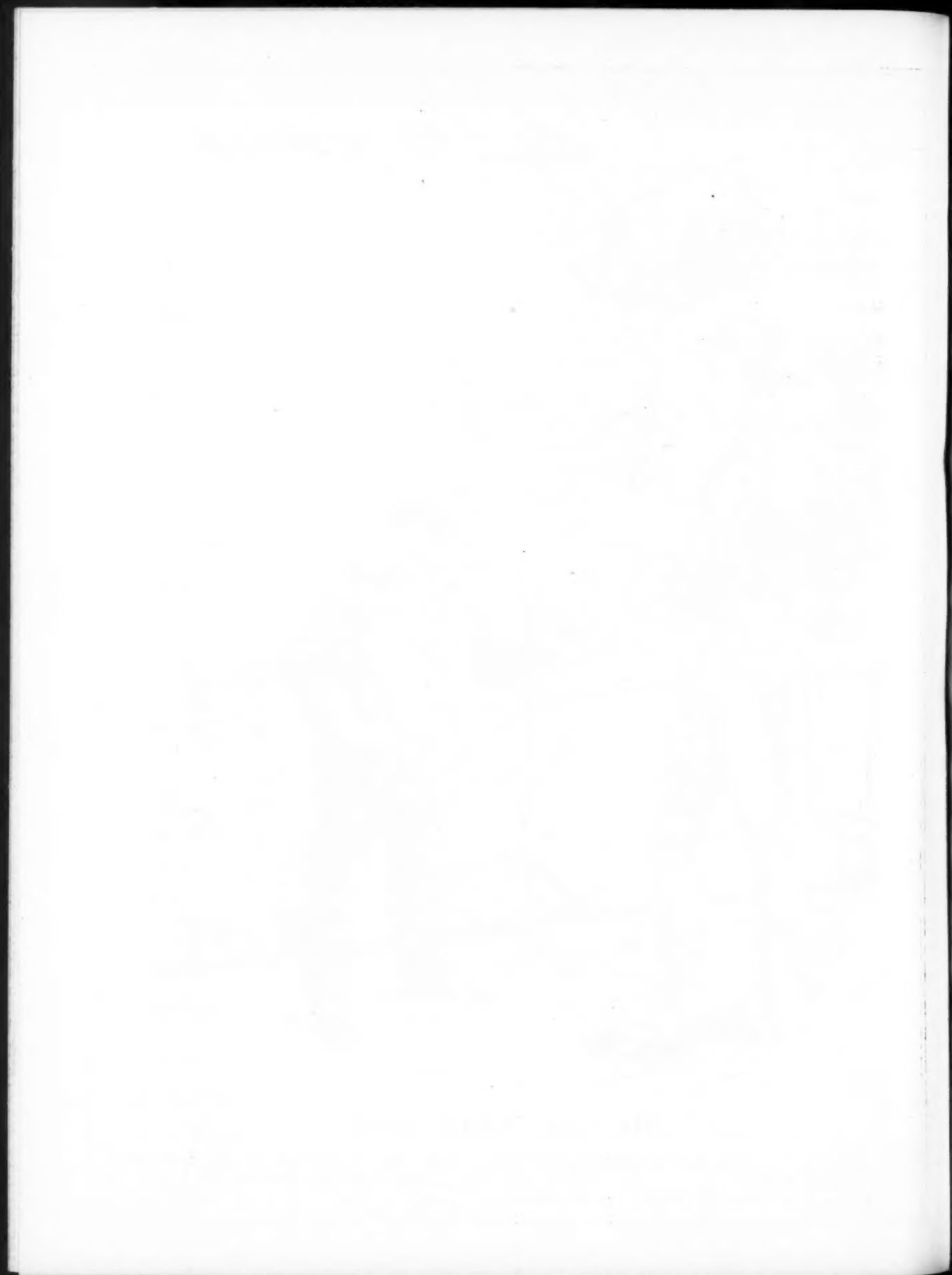


THE ONE WEAK SPOT.

MR. PUNCH. "I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN KEEN ABOUT THIS JOB. WHAT PRIZES DO YOU GIVE YOUR BEST SHOTS?"

LORD S-L-B-RNE. "OH, ABOUT TWO-AND-SIXPENCE."

MR. PUNCH. "GOOD HEAVENS! HOW PRINCELY!"



AN UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

["The nightingales are in full song. They can be heard to perfection now east, west, north, or south of London, wherever soft caterpillars abound"]—*Westminster Gazette.*

A Soft Caterpillar speaks:—

ONCE more the nightingale is heard
Each evening when the moon is
rising,
But don't imagine that the bird
Is merely sentimentalising;
Do not suppose it is the Rose
Who fills her liquid strains with
passion,
'Tis I who cause the nightingale
To sing in that ecstatic fashion.

The poet loves to hear her song,
Now soft and hushed, now clear and
ringing,
Nor can I deem the poet wrong
In thinking highly of her singing.
But when he takes a pen and makes
A very moving poem on it,
It is to me the poet writes
(Or ought to write) his glowing sonnet.

I watch him pouring out his soul,
The rhymes are carefully selected,
And the performance on the whole
Is quite as good as I expected.
But when with tears some maiden hears
The poet's melancholy numbers,
It is for me the maiden weeps
(Or ought to weep) before she slumbers.

I—or my half-digested corse—
Called forth the fair BIANCA'S^{*} curses,
And I was the authentic source
Of KEATS'S misdirected verses.
The poets tell how Philomel
Still weeps for the decease of Itys,
But if the poor bird weeps at all
It must be me she really pities!

To me belongs the loud applause
That greets her voice from all the
Muses,
For I am the efficient cause
Of every blessed note she uses.
And had the poets dreamed of this,
SHELLEY and HUGO, SCOTT and SCHILLER
Would have reserved their eulogies
For the nutritious caterpillar!

^{*}See "Bianca among the Nightingales," by
MRS. BROWNING.

A NAME AND AN ADDRESS.

WE were rather startled on receiving a prospectus headed "'C. A. S.' *Punch and Ticket Co., Ltd.*," informing us that the subscription list would be closed on or before May 18. That date has passed and gone, and Mr. *Punch* is "not a penny the worse." Whatever the scope of the "*Punch and Ticket Co.*" business may be, it is satisfactory to learn that "the 'C. A. S.' *Punch* has been



Missionary (who is really a "good plucked 'un," though he doesn't look it). "OUR STATION WAS SO REMOTE THAT FOR A WHOLE YEAR MY WIFE NEVER SAW A WHITE FACE BUT MY OWN!"
Sympathetic Young Woman. "OH, POOR THING!"

selected . . . in competition with every other *Punch* in the market"—the name adopted by all these machines being due to the affectionate respect with which Mr. *Punch's* name is everywhere regarded. We were at first inclined to ask—as did Sam Weller when he saw his venerated master's name on the back of a coach "with MOSES afore it," which Mr. *Pickwick's* faithful follower indignantly stigmatised as "adding insult to injury"—by whom permission had been given to use Mr. *Punch's* name in this connection, and with the prefix of "Mister" omitted! But on examining the list of officials in the Company we came upon the well-known name of "NEGUS"—not the swarthy warrior-king of Abyssinia, but the Company's solicitor. Nothing more appropriate than that a draft of NEGUS should convey some idea of what the *punch* was going to be like. *Nunc est bibendum!* That's the ticket.

A BROTHER ARTIST.

["We have regularly attended the Academy now for many years, but never do we remember such a poor show of portraits; they cannot prove to be otherwise than the laughing-stock of tailors and their customers."—*Tailor and Cutter.*]

THE Tailor leaned upon his goose,
And wiped away a tear:
"What portraits painting-men produce,"

He sobbed, "from year to year!
These fellows make their sitters smile
In suits that do not fit,
They're wrongly buttoned, and the style
Is not the thing a bit.

"Oh, Artist, I'm an artist too!
I bid you use restraint,
And only show your sitters, do,
In fitting coats of paint;
In vain you crown those errant seams
With smiles that look ethereal,
For man may be the stuff of dreams—
But dreams are not Material."

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. IX.

WELL, the notion of making up that book took hold of me so strong that I couldn't think of anything else. I used to plan it all out while I was sitting at my meals, and I kept on planning it when I went to bed, and I'd start awake in the middle of the night sometimes with new ideas for the dedication and the title-page. I wrote out quite a dozen title-pages, all different, and stuck them up on my bedroom wall to see how they looked. There was "*Poems of Passion*," and "*Songs of Sorrow and Sentiment*," and "*Drops from the Heart*," and "*A Lover's Legacy*," and "*Iron in the Soul*," and several others that I've forgotten, but at last I settled on "*Iron in the Soul*," which was CULPEPPER's suggestion. He made out it was particularly appropriate, me being an ironmonger, and when I came to look at it in that light I got to fancy it more and more until in the end I fixed it at that.

It was a great relief to get that over. Until you've arranged your title you don't seem to know quite where you are—things won't hang together, and you can't get your plans straightened out—but when the title's settled it's all plain sailing.

After that I had to think of the dedication. CULPEPPER said that ought to be in prose as a kind of variety, the rest of the book being poetry, and I took his advice. Of course it had to be aimed at EMILY, and CULPEPPER said, "Give it a heart-broken despairing kind of gloomy tone, and you're sure to be right;" so I set to work on the unhappy lay, and after no end of trouble I knocked out this:—

"To EMILY, whose name was formerly COLLINS, but she changed it (why, it is not for me to say) to PADLOW, this book, begun in youth under the guidance of her eyes, and now finished in maturity during her unavoidable absence, which represents in its pages the despair of one whom she may possibly remember but in all probability has forgotten, is, not to put too fine a point on it, dedicated by her obedient faithful servant, J. P."

The time this took me to compose was enormous. I used to go to the free library and sweat up all the dedications I could lay my hands on, and make notes of all the taking words and sentences, and then shift them about on paper and put them first in one order and then in another, and strike out bits here and put in other bits there, until I got them to suit me, and then I'd learn it all by heart and spout it to myself to see how it sounded. I believe that's the only way to get a dedication—at any rate it's the way I adopted, and I don't think I did so badly with it. There was one bit, by the way, that didn't come out of a book, and that was the "not to put too fine a point on it." I heard that years ago in a political speech, and I thought to myself at the time, "That's a pretty neat bit; I'll use that if ever I get the chance," and having the dedication to do of course I popped it in. In fact I may say those were the first words I really fixed on for certain, and I wrote the rest round them, so to speak.

All this title-page and dedication business took me a full month before I'd finished it, but at last it was all done and I tackled the poetry again. I'd got about eight unfinished pieces standing over from the time when I was sweet on EMILY COLLINS, and I thought I'd settle them first and get on with the rest afterwards. I found it a much easier job than I expected. You see when I started years ago I was only a youngster and I hadn't seen much of life, so it was no wonder things went a bit stiff, but when I took up with it this time it was quite surprising how the verse ran off. As soon as I got a pen in my hand and ran my fingers through my hair I seemed to be full of poetical ideas about

stars and angels and flowers and birds and princes and all sorts of things, and the rhymes just came tumbling over one another. For instance, I'd take up an old bit of paper on which I'd written years ago the words "A Ballad of Bow Bells," without anything else, and then I'd begin to think, and before I knew it almost, I had got half-a-dozen jolly good verses written down, beginning like this:—

Bow Bells! what can a poet say about these bells?

Well, first of all, we know their music swells;

And, secondly, wherever we go in the evening, or late at night,

We hear them tinkling cheerful and bright;

and so on to the end of the piece. I suppose that's what's called inspiration.

Of course my friends got to know about what I was doing—you can't keep a thing like that dark for long—and at first they tried to pull my leg about it. For instance, if I happened to meet PICKERING—he's in the provision department at Harrod's and fancies himself no end with the girls—he'd shout out from a long way off, "Way there, make way for TENNYSON," and then everybody would look at me and laugh. Or he'd ask me how the rhymes were coming along? Was this a good season for rhymes, and were we likely to get a plentiful crop, or had the late frost snipped them a bit, and what kind of top-dressing did I use when I bedded them out, and any amount of rot like that. However, when I said nothing in answer, but only gave him a glare and passed on, he soon saw I meant business and gave up his allusions; and when he saw my hair growing longer and longer he shut up altogether.

CULPEPPER was a real friend. He'd read a lot of stuff himself and he was always ready to advise me when I asked him. It was CULPEPPER who told me about Odes and blank verse. He said Odes were the sort of thing where you needn't trouble to count the syllables in a line or to get the rhymes in regularly, you just made your lines any length you liked, and got a rhyme in wherever you fancied it. And about blank verse he gave me a lot of good tips. It seems that you don't want any rhymes at all in blank verse. You go ahead like writing a letter, only you begin every separate line with a capital, and that makes it into blank verse. You bet after I'd taken that in I wrote a lot of odes and blank verse. They're every bit as good poetry as the other kind, and much easier in the long run.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

COLONEL HAGGARD, D.S.O. in other fields and rivers than those of war, has collected a number of his contributions to various Magazines, and Messrs. HUTCHINSON publish them in a volume (*Sporting Yarns*) enlivened by excellent sketches from the pencil of "GRIFF." The Colonel is equally at home with gun or rod. With all the world before him where to choose for shooting or fishing, he has left scarcely any quarter untried. Beginning with slaying lions in the Soudan, he lands three salmon to the ecstatic delight of a funeral party at Speyside. He hunts the moose in the backwoods of Canada. He indiscriminately catches fish and duck in Japan. He goes to Newfoundland in search of more salmon, and positively finds delight at Aden. The stories, spun off the reel, are brightly told, are full of instruction for the sportsman, and of marvel for the man who, like my Baronite, shoots not neither does he fish.

Mr. ARTHUR MEE has had a happy thought in collecting the notable utterances of foremost British statesmen on the subject of England's mission in the world, and presenting them in a handy volume. *England's Mission by England's Statesmen* (GRANT RICHARDS) is a careful collection, and convenient compilation, of declarations on this matter; covering a period approaching two hundred years. Mr. MEE

was well-advised in not limiting his field of research to modern statesmen. CANNING, PITT, BURKE, CHATHAM, BROUGHAM, PEEL and MACAULAY, each has his place and his pulpit. The result is an interesting, useful volume, a school in which politicians of to-day may study with advantage, and with rich opportunity of effective quotation.

FRANK DANBY'S *Pigs in Clover* (HEINEMANN) is a powerfully-written novel, with a sprinkling of real personalities and of doings connected with the Rand that are not essential to the story. The study of character, and of those persons who have no character to be studied, is most skilful, though dealing with the weakest and seamiest side of human frailty. It would be difficult to select from the *dramatis personæ* one single pure and upright character, or indeed one that makes any pretence of an attempt at being so. The story of the heroine is so painfully absorbing that the reader is glad to reach the *dénouement*, and quits the book with a sigh of relief, not wishing to inquire further into the sequel of the tragedy.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE, BUT NO CASE.

Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace, the new piece at Wyndham's Theatre, is by HUBERT HENRY DAVIES, who, as Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM has informed the public, is a novice in the art of playwriting. Why Sir CHARLES gave his author away in this candidly apologetic manner it is not for us to inquire. Suffice it that he did so. But this statement of fact is no palliation of Sir CHARLES's sin of omission in not having shown so promising a dramatist how to end a piece artistically. The confidential display of the pistol to the audience in a sort of pantomimic aside, the unnecessary suicide of the nervous, cowardly young criminal, the probable happy marriage *in futuro* of the elderly Alonzo the Brave with the very youthful Imogene, such incidents as these ought not to have been allowed to endanger success at the fall of the curtain. As it is, the audience go away somewhat disappointed. Why disappointed? With the acting? Not one bit. *That* they are bound to applaud to the echo. With what then? Emphatically with the final scene of the play.

So much for the comedy-drama itself. Sir CHARLES, with not a quarter of the chances he had in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, is, as *Captain Moubray*, admirable throughout; but his preaching to the weak-kneed lover in the last Act ought to have been ruthlessly excised. The experienced actor ought to have told the inexperienced author that this was all clap-trap and quite foreign to the character. The speech sounds as if it had been introduced during rehearsals just to "strengthen the part!" Be that as it may, nothing could have been better than Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM's acting; only, he has rarely had a more—artistically speaking—unsatisfactory rôle than this.

On the other hand, except in *The Tyranny of Tears*, Miss MARY MOORE has very rarely, if ever, had a part equal to this of *Mrs. Gorrings*. It is as well conceived as it is admirably acted. Genuine comedy without a single note of false sentiment. She finishes, too, at the right moment, and is consistent to the last. The character is in every way perfectly natural, this *tête de linotte*, and is heartily recognised by the audience as a triumph both for author and actress.

Miss LETTIE FAIRFAX as the younger daughter, *Vicky Jardine*, is delightful; her overpowering convulsion of laughter, and her escape from the room in an attempt to hide it, being simply perfect because so perfectly simple.

Miss MARIE ILLINGTON a little over-accentuates the peculiarities of *Mrs. Jardine*, but it is a clever performance; and Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS as *Isabel* has a very difficult task in differentiating between the outward expression of an unconvinced love for the unworthy hero, and a sincere



Excise-man. "HALLO, THERE! WHAT ARE THOSE BARRELS?"
Irish Carter. "EMPTY BARRELS OF STOUT, SORR!"

friendship for their "mutual friend" *Captain Moubray*. That she should entirely succeed is the highest praise.

As for Mr. ALFRED BISHOP's old dunder-headed commonplace *Captain Jardine*, so wise in his own conceits, so good-natured, so vacillating, so nervous, it is a masterpiece.

Mr. LESLIE FABER, playing melodrama in comedy, has no easy task, and acquits himself of it with much discretion. Let him obtain author's and manager's permission to cut out that pocket-pistol business. He goes off, with a good exit, and that's quite enough: no fire-arms needed.

Mr. EILE NORWOOD is to be congratulated on his rendering of Mr. Jernigan, the *Detective-Inspector*, a most dangerous character when introduced seriously into any comedy where he is not given even the chance of lightening his burden with a comic touch, as has our old friend the detective in *Still Waters*, or that still more popular representative of the Secret Police Service, *Hawthorne* in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*.

Miss ETHEL MARRYAT contributes to the humour of the First Act as *Miss Potts*; and a more self-restrained and respectful footman than Mr. REGINALD WALTER's *Charles* could not be found in the Stage Servants' Registry Office. He will always be able to give an excellent reference to the thoroughly good character he bore when in service at *Colonel Jardine's*. The author is to be congratulated on a success; and Miss MARY MOORE on a genuine hit. The character of *Mrs. Gorrings* comes to stay, and Miss MARY MOORE's rendering of it—well—"that's for remembrance."

OUT WITH THE ZOO: A NIGHTMARE.

(Which may possibly have already disturbed the repose of the Superintendent of the Gardens.)

["The idea is that certain of the animals should be removed from Regent's Park occasionally to some spot outside the Metropolis, where they will be in more natural surroundings; that, in a word, they will have opportunities of 'recreation' which they cannot obtain in a paddock or den."—Extract from article in recent issue of the "Daily Chronicle."]

CAN'T help wondering if it's quite wise bringing all these Beasts out for day in the country in an ordinary excursion brake—not even barred! Council's notion—not mine. . . . Still, if anything should happen to go wrong, I shall be the one to be sat upon! . . .

However, bound to say Animals all behaving in most exemplary manner, so far; looking so bright and happy, too—might almost mistake them for a Sunday School Treat! . . . Only hope it will last!

Rather closely packed here. "All the better," says LION, "keep each other warm!" KANGAROO restless; objects to having to take PORCUPINE on her lap; LION says, "Why worry over trifles? We must all put up with something when we come out to enjoy ourselves!" . . . Cheery sensible chap, LION, seems to have good influence, too, over rest. . . . Useful, in case of scrimmage. . . .

LYNX seems Life and Soul of party; HYENA (who is sitting next to him) in fits. Don't quite like to ask what the joke is. . . . Fancy it's something to do with Me. . . . Can't think what induced me to come out in a kilt—my knees are rather exposed—perhaps that's what is amusing them! Must try and borrow trousers when we get to—Odd I shouldn't know where we're going to, exactly—but I don't. . . .

Overhear BLACK PANTHER saying it's Epping Forest; POLAR BEAR contradicts him; happens to know it's Hampstead Heath. . . . Should have thought, myself, Kew Gardens better place—more instructive, and not too many people there. . . . But daresay Secretary knows best.

TIGER extremely friendly; is passing up big bone he has brought out with him—invites me to have a gnaw at it! . . . Really, so soon after breakfast! . . . Still, he means it kindly, and it won't do to offend him: "Thank you—capital bone! So meaty! No, not any more at present, thanks, old fellow! Later on, perhaps." . . . Awkward if they've all brought bones—luckily, it doesn't seem to have occurred to them.

Do wish Police would stop these ragged children turning cartwheels all along route! Must be so tantalising for Large Carnivora! To do latter justice, they are resisting temptation nobly—but sure I can see JAGUAR's mouth beginning to water. . . . Better cover up my knees as much as possible. . . . Thank Heaven, Recreation Ground at last! . . .

Lots to amuse them here—"All the Fun of the Fair!" ELEPHANT, RHINOCEROS, HIPPOPOTAMUS and TAPIR waiting for us. How the deuce did they get down? Couldn't have driven! Think Secretary might have sent a keeper or two with them, if he didn't care about coming himself! . . .

Steam roundabout highly appreciated; PANTHER, PUMA, LEOPARD and JAGUAR all pouncing on the wooden horses—which will want fresh coats of paint and new manes and tails by the time they've done with them. . . . LYNX in high spirits, chasing HYENA round and round striped canvas roof. . . . One of them will be through in a minute, I know! Thought as much—mechanical orchestration a perfect wreck! HYENA not so much hurt as she thinks. . . .

Have lost sight of LION and TIGER for the moment. . . . Ah, there they are! coming out of Waxworks tent—just the sort of quiet rational entertainment I should have expected would

appeal to intelligent fellow like LION. Go up and ask "what they thought of Show, and which figures interested them most?"

LION says, "none of them up to much"; and TIGER, wiping his lips, considers Show "a regular take-in." Both condemn it on score of abominably bad taste. Tell them that they mustn't imagine all exhibitions open to this objection, and promise that Secretary shall send them across to Madame Tussaud's some afternoon—just to show them how refined really first-class waxworks can be. LION and TIGER willing to give Madame T. a trial—but evidently not sanguine about it. . . . When they do, it will make them open their eyes a bit! . . .

Stopped by aggrieved Proprietor of Waxworks, who complains that LION and TIGER have, between them, eaten his two best Murderers, and the more recognisable portions of President Loubet—insists on compensation. . . . Better send in bill to Council—absurd to expect me to pay! Disappointed in LION and TIGER, though—can't trust them at Madame Tussaud's after this! Shall have to tell them Galleries closed till further notice.

Impossible to be everywhere at once. . . . Most imprudent of HIPPOPOTAMUS to get into swing-boat at all—especially with CHIMPANZEE, even if he did promise not to pull too hard. Might have known she'd fall out—and fortunate, for her, that BISON happened to be passing at the time—he's come off worst! . . .

Still, no necessity for him to be so personal over it—why not take the rough with the smooth, when you're out for the day like this? . . .

I really am astonished at ELEPHANT; keeps on pestering me to let him have a donkey-ride! Such childishness! Says children are always having rides on him, and he wants to know whether it's really as pleasant as they make out.

No end of trouble convincing him that the two cases are not precisely on all fours, and even then he's sulky about it. Warn him that, if I have any more of his nonsense, I'll get him shipped off to America. . . . ELEPHANT penitent—reduced to tears.

BLUE-NOSED BABOON conducting Cocoa-nut Shy rather well—if only he wouldn't persist in presenting every competitor with a prime cigar. I have to be so particular about their diet at home—and now they're all going about munching *Regalia Britannicas*! Still, cabbages are said to be wholesome!

Can't feel as sorry as perhaps I ought for the elderly sportsman who has succeeded in inveigling CHEETAH to try his luck at "Prick-the-Garter." He has brought it so entirely on himself!

Called away to see OSTRICH, who has been suddenly taken unwell. She is sure it can't be anything she has eaten; only had a few clasp knives off a stall, a dozen hot potatoes, and about a gallon of "hokey-pokey." . . . Agree with her that country air is calculated to upset a delicate constitution, and leave her, after administering pound of peppermints (extra strong), feeling slightly better.

Beasts all clamouring for something to do: BROWN BEAR suggests dancing—always dances at Zoo when band plays. RHINOCEROS ready to waltz with anyone—but admits he doesn't reverse. Persuade them to wait till next year—by which time Secretary will probably have organised dancing classes.

Suggest game of some sort—to keep 'em out of mischief. Have started them at "Kiss-in-the-Ring," and lent them my pocket-handkerchief to throw. If they do forget to return it, so much the better! . . .

"Kiss-in-the-Ring" a complete frost! SLOTH BEAR's efforts to overtake GIRAFFE rather futile. . . . TORTOISE easily run down by Gnu—but turns shy unexpectedly and retreats into shell. . . . Mortifying for Gnu, no doubt,



"RATHER ABROAD."

First Intelligent Youth (after spelling out "blanquette de veau"). "I SAY, WHAT'S 'BLANKET'?"
Second Ditto. "SOUNDS INDIGESTIBLE. MORE SEASONABLE IF IT HAD BEEN 'SPRING MATTRESS.'"

but no reason *whatever* why he should kick her into the Shooting Gallery! HIPPOPOTAMUS declines to play any more—huffy, I *think*, because handkerchief not once thrown in her direction. . . .

Beasts all getting overtired, and inclined to be fractious. Not sorry it's time to go home—but tedious business collecting them all. Believe I've got everybody now—except WOMBAT. "Anyone seen WOMBAT?" TIGER (wiping his lips again) says when he last saw him he was bolting down hole. Don't wish to be uncharitable—but strongly suspect he is only telling me *half* the truth. Better not press him *now*, though—wait till he's in his cage again. . . .

Return journey likely, I'm afraid, to be distinctly rowdy. KANGAROO has—I *trust* not intentionally—mis-laid PORCUPINE, and consoles herself on concertina, accompanied—more or less—by MANDRIL on mouth-organ. POLAR BEAR peppering inoffensive bystanders with pea-shooter! HYENA in hysterics, and URSINE HOWLER an intolerable nuisance to *any* decent neighbourhood. As for LION, should hardly have believed a pink paper feather stuck in his mane could make so much difference—he looks barely *respectable*! . . .

Have represented to them—pleasantly—that they really mustn't kick up quite such a row—for the credit of the Zoo. TIGER recommends me, savagely, to "shut my head—unless I want a thick ear." I shall say no more *just now*—but I'm determined on *one* thing. *Next year* TIGER stays at home!

Coachman—most respectable fellow, in Royal livery, with cockade—says, "Will I please speak to PUMA? She's clawing him down the back—and it's beginning to get on

his nerves." . . . Remonstrate with PUMA, who explains that she "wants to drive." . . . They *all* want to drive—which of course is out of the question! . . .

Appeal to LION (as they won't listen to a word I say) to use his influence. . . . LION seems to have misunderstood me. He's on the box in a jiffy! . . . Don't know *what's* become of Coachman. . . . LION driving—and a shocking bad whip he *is*, too! . . . Fearful pace we're going at! . . . Ah, I *knew* the horses would bolt at last! . . . We're in for a smash *now*! . . . Whew! that *was* a lurch! . . . If we aren't over at the next!—What did I *tell* you? Somebody pull TIGER and POLAR BEAR off my chest, *please*! They're stifling me, and—eh?—*what*? Where *am* I? . . . In *bed*? . . . But the brake—the Beasts? . . . Ah-h!—then they haven't carried their Reforms quite so far as *that*, after all!

F. A.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, writing in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, on the subject of CARLYLE's letters, employs the following remark:—"It was FROUDE who, in cricketing phrase, queered the pitch." A correspondent writes to say that the author has obviously confused cricket with skittles or Aunt Sally, and adds that this only confirms his previous suspicions of the incredibly flattering reports of Mr. BIRRELL's prowess in the cricket-field.

THE MISSING WORD.—The following attempt by a school-boy to complete an unfinished quotation may be added to Mr. Punch's list of a few weeks ago:—"To me the meanest flower that blows"—is the daisy.



Partner of his Joys (who has superintended the removal). "WELL, DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T SAID HOW YOU LIKE THE NEW FLAT!"

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW."

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in printing a further instalment of contributions on this engrossing topic:—

A BELGIAN CASABIANCA.

LORD AVEBURY (SIR JOHN LUBBOCK) writes:—"I may be wrong, but my impression is that the bravest deed I ever saw occurred at St. Ives when I was staying there a few summers ago with my friend M. MAETERLINCK. We were examining a bee together. You know how these creatures sting; even with all my familiarity with their habits I still handle one nervously. M. MAETERLINCK must have noticed this, for he said without a tremor (speaking in French), 'You take the head (*la tête*), my Lord: leave the tail to me.'"

A MARTYR IN QUILLS.

THE HON. JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU, M.P., writes:—"The bravest deed of which I am personally cognisant was perpetrated, strange as it may sound, by a hedge-

hog. This interesting animal (I regret that I am unable to give its name) was so incensed with the enthusiastic attitude in regard to speed recently taken up by the *Spectator*—of which it had been a constant reader for many years—so deeply wounded in the house of its friends, that it determined to commit suicide in a singularly dramatic way. I was driving my new 75-h.p. Panhard with my friend Mr. C. S. PETT ROLIS from Nairn to Inverness, when I observed a dark object in the roadway about two hundred yards ahead. I instantly sounded my horn—we were only travelling at about 58 miles an hour—but the object, instead of moving across the road, suddenly humped itself up and remained stock-still in the middle of the roadway. In less time than it takes to tell it there was a jolt, an explosion, and we were hurled into the ditch with a punctured tyre pierced in twenty places by the quills of the heroic hedgehog. The necessary repairs cost me £25. The deflated tyre, with the

hedgehog (stuffed by Mr. ROWLAND WARD) is now one of the most precious trophies of the Automobile Club. I have suggested the incident to Canon RAWNSLEY, as a suitable subject for a sonnet, but in the meantime send you this bald account of the most heroic exploit with which I am acquainted."

AN IMMOVABLE MINISTER.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., writes: "On the whole I am reluctantly obliged to award the palm of bravery to Mr. BRODRICK. Any other man, in the face of the terrible fire of criticism to which I and my Party have subjected him, would have resigned long ago. But Mr. BRODRICK is immovable. It may be only 'the courage of ignorance,' to borrow a phrase from Mr. WALKLEY's friend ARISTOTLE, but it is none the less magnificent."

AN UNDAUNTED FAMILY.

MR. J. S. SARGENT, R.A., writes: "The bravest series of sitters I have ever known is the WERTHEIMER family."



A BRILLIANT DÉBUT.

CHAPERON (*the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street*). "MY DEAR, YOU'VE HAD A GREAT SUCCESS! MOST EXTRAORDINARY RUSH OF PARTNERS I EVER REMEMBER!"

MISS VAAL LOAN (*South African Heiress*). "YES, GRANNY! AND I COULD ONLY ACCEPT TWO-AND-A-QUARTER PER CENT. OF THEM!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 11.—There is no marge to the human sympathies of Mr. WEIR. When last year he came back from the storied East, his very garments laden with the perfumes of Ind, his attention was naturally turned to Imperial topics. Before he set forth on his long journey, questions addressed to him by Ministers related chiefly to trawlers in Hebridean seas, to faulty bridges, and to laggard postmen in lonely byways of Ross and Cromarty. On his return he, with far-reaching vision, clearly saw the spectre of Russia in Asia, and could hardly sleep o' nights thinking about insufficient barrack accommodation at Hong Kong. No port his barque had touched at on the homeward journey that did not in turn figure in his daily catechism of the Foreign and Colonial Ministers.

Mr. JOSEPH WALTON, trembling for his laurels, regarded the travelled Scot with angered looks. What did he know about China? Could he pronounce the names of its flowing rivers, its towering hills, its mystic valleys? What about Chung-ngan-hsien? How is it with Wa-kung-shan? Where does Ping-pong-yan lift its fronded palms in air? And who reigned at Tai-tsing-chan contemporary with ELIZABETH TUDOR? Mr. WEIR was discreetly deaf when these conundrums were flung at him across the Gangway. Whether by accident or design he shortly after evacuated China, leaving Mr. WALTON in full possession.

Now, after brief divagation among the Highlands and islands of Scotland, he has broken out in a fresh place. Last Thursday, of five questions put by him to Ministers, being a fraction over one-eighth of the whole, three dealt with small-pox and vaccination; one, after a hasty glance at Mr. WALTON's fortunately empty seat, darting off to Hong Kong in quest of information with respect to cognate subject of the plague. Of twenty-two questions for which oral answer is asked to-day, Mr. WEIR has seven. One asks how many private establishments are there in Great Britain where small-pox patients are received; (2) demands the number of private establishments for the production of animal vaccine lymph; (3) drops into the question of dysentery; (4) diverges into Army canteens; (5) recurs to the plague in Hong Kong; (6 & 7) go to the dogs in connection with the use of anæsthetics during experiments.

Charm is added to this genial curiosity by a new device. When he rises to put a question irreverent Members, concluding there is as usual nothing in it, seize the opportunity for private conversation. Mr. WEIR has



"Startled the House with stentorian cry of
'Order! Order!'"
(Mr. G-l-l-w-y W-r.)

borne this indignity with patience. To-day, whilst the Minister was replying, he startled the House with stentorian cry of "Order! Order!" WALTER LONG, at the moment eagerly supplying information as to where Mr. WEIR would find a nice private establishment for retirement during a season of small-pox, so upset by this interruption that he mixed up animal vaccine lymph with anæsthetics in a manner that will



THE NEW IRISH "SMOKE."

Irish Member. "Bedad, Moike, they're lavin' the rhoom in dhroves! Shure if we can only kape on shmokin' thim things for a wheek or tew, they'll give us Home Rule or annything!"

require extreme caution on the part of the patient called upon to swallow the dose.

Business done.—Post Office vote carried.

Tuesday night.—Friendly relations between Irish Nationalists and Liberal Members threatened with final, irrevocable, fracture. They have to certain extent borne a test stronger than was ever applied to the fidelity of a political party. In loyalty to ancient alliance Liberals sacrificed place and power, as some believe the highest interest of the Empire. Certainly, by their fall they handed over its affairs to the custody of a party who have during their last eight years' occupation run up the normal annual expenditure, apart from War charges, from ninety-four millions to one hundred and thirty.

This been borne with almost inhuman patience. C.-B. has even gone out of his way to declare that in spite of all he is still a Home Ruler. But the end is at hand. What political ruin could not accomplish, a handful of cigars, a box or two of cigarettes, have brought about.

Ireland has taken to growing tobacco; enterprising local firms are turning out new brands. Highly recommended are the Portadown Pariagas, the Flor de Dublin, the Limerick Larranaga, the Cabanas y Carlow. It would be none of our business if these gems were exclusively kept for the adornment of home. But the enterprising manufacturers, taking advantage of the patriotism of their representatives at Westminster, have engaged their services to push the trade. No Irish Member now leaves Cork or Dublin on his way to Westminster without having in his portmanteau samples of choice Irish cigars. Being supplied free he is able to dispense them with national generosity. In the railway carriage on the journey from Holyhead he hands his cigar-case round with lordly air, taking care to change carriages at the first stoppage.

That is all right. But circumstances are different in the Smoke Room of House of Commons. There he is known, and Members who have suffered are able unerringly to trace home the source of injury. When an Irish Member now enters the Smoke Room, Saxons with one accord discover urgent engagement elsewhere. In the Lobbies the movement of an Irish Member's hand towards his breast-pocket is as terrifying as if he were about to draw a loaded pistol; whereas he is with hospitable intent merely in search of his case containing choice Flor de Dundalk (1902 growth), or the milder Villar y Inniskillen.

THE MEMBER FOR SARR believes this new eruption of the Irish Question



AN ESCAPE OF STEAM (NAVY ESTIMATES).

Arn-ld-F-ret-r. "Go away, you noisy creature, you've no business to come disturbing the House like this; besides, the people you want to annoy don't live here now, and we're sick of the tune!"

Sir Wm. All-n. "Get out yourself, impudence! But there, I suppose you're paid for the job!"

may have political consequences exceeding in momentous effect those counted upon in connection with the Land Purchase Bill.

Business done.—Supply liberally voted. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER urged to encourage cultivation of Irish tobacco. General impression approves King CHARLES's dictum on the subject when prohibiting the culture of tobacco in Ireland. "The same being utterlie unwholesome," His MAJESTY sententiously observed. As for RITCHIE, he is disconcerted by reflection on the extreme humidity of the atmosphere in Ireland. "Moisture in tobacco," he remarked, forlornly shaking his head, "is a thorny question which has always been a bone of contention."

BOYLE ROCHE would have found this hard to beat.

Friday night.—Usually supposed that scheme of Old Age Pensions, figuring largely in the election campaign of 1895,

was the invention of Don José. Not at all. Nothing, not even that, new under the sun. Mr. MURRAY has just published *Paris in '48*, a remarkable series of letters from a resident, describing the daily events of Revolution. After the *Diary of a Besieged Resident*, masterpiece of the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, there has been nothing throwing such vivid light on Paris in time of trouble. On February 24, 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE abdicated and fled. Nothing, according to the letter-writer, could have been nobler, more generous, or more considerate, than the conduct of the Queen. At the critical moment when disorder broke out in the streets a little show of courage in high places would have saved the throne. LOUIS PHILIPPE shut himself up in his room and safely signed his abdication. It was here the wife and mother came to the front. "The Queen," says the letter-writer, "implored her husband to

head the troops and die in the Carrousel, saying, '*Je vous bénirai du haut du balcon.*' But he would not." Not even the prospect of his wife, safe up in the balcony, blessing him as he was being slaughtered in the court below, could stir the blood of the craven King.

But that's another story. Old Age Pensions came in nine days after the Republic was decreed. The old men, whom modesty did not preclude from taking the initiative, proposed to have five hundred francs a year secured to them at fifty-five years; seven hundred francs at sixty-five, and eleven hundred francs at seventy-five. "If they marry or get out of health, there is to be a scale of years adapted to either emergency." Forget how these details compare with Don José's scheme. But the coincidence is interesting. It is carried further by the fact that, the Republic established, as in the case of the Unionist majority secured in 1895, nothing more was heard of Old Age Pensions.

Business done.—Coal Mines Regulation Bill.

THE LADIES' TURN.

[*Womanhood* this month gives a serious warning to men about the evils of tight-lacing.]

My brothers, oft in days long gone,
With eloquent grimacing,
Our womenkind we've lectured on
The ill-effects of lacing.
But now it seems that we enclose
Our figures far too tightly,
And *Womanhood* in scornful prose
Belabours us politely!

Their days of wasp-like waists have fled
(Or so at least they've told us),
And, schooled upon the things we've said,

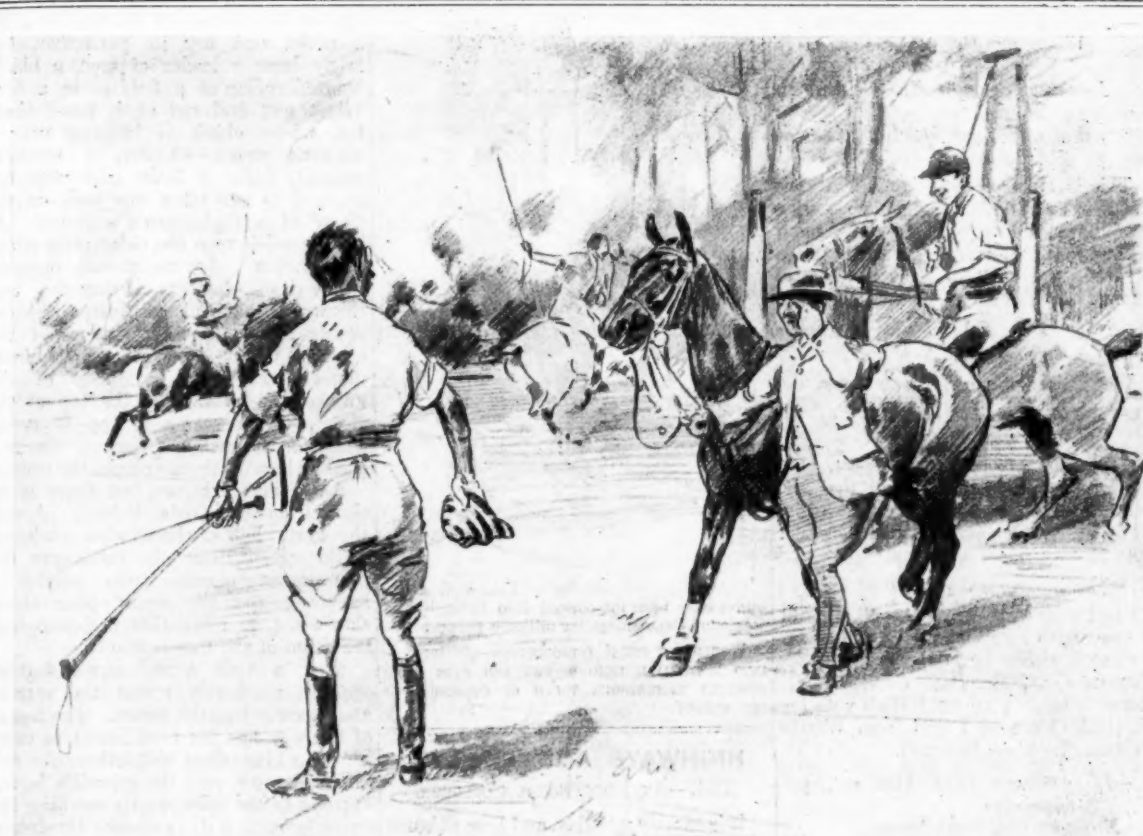
They turn about and scold us!
They tell us plainly how in men
A slender waist displeases;
And threaten us with nine or ten
Incurable diseases.

They somehow fail to realise
The motives which incite us.
They've bagged our collars, cuffs and ties,

And worn them all despite us.
Though Mrs. Grundy tore her hair,
They stuck to them unshaken;
So in revenge, to make things square,
Their corsets we have taken!

And now they frankly call us fops
And vain conceited ninnies;
Allude to us as "scented sops,"

And offer us their "pinnies"! But we, with corsets tightly "set,"
Pass on to our perfumer—
And muse how women never yet
Possessed a sense of humour!



AT A PRACTICE GAME.

Groom. "YOUR POSY, SIR." Young Novice (somewhat shaken by a fall). "BY JOVE, YES—SO IT IS! THOUGHT I'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!"

MY GUESSES.

(By an inveterate competitor.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The County Gentleman, not content with its exertions on behalf of the rural producer and the urban consumer, is offering prizes to competitors who name rightly the authors of a list of twelve extracts of poetry. The Editor remarks:—

"Competitors are strongly advised when they are uncertain of their references to GUESS the name of the Poet quoted. In the case of a tie, a good guess may win the prize. Therefore the name of some poet should be placed under every quotation."

I have taken this advice, and am returning the competing form filled in as follows:—

1.—*I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.*

I suspect a misprint here. "Honour more" should probably be "HANNAH MORE." In this case the poem was probably by Dr. JOHNSON.

2.—*For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue.*

Judging by the second line alone, I

should say this was from a poem by C. B. FRY, celebrating his prowess in the 'Varsity sports. But the reference to the ring is confusing. Can it be a fragment of a lyric by a performer in the Jockey Act at the Hippodrome? On the whole, however, I again suspect a typographical slip. The ring should probably be "The Ring." If so, my guess is that the poem is by Dr. RICHTER in collaboration with Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who is as famous for his occasional verse as for his teetotalism.

3.—*Then felt I like a watcher of the
skies*

*When a new planet swims into his
ken.*

The matter of the first line suggests Herr FALB, the Viennese savant who provides England with rainy summers; of the second, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. Can they have collaborated? The idea seems so unlikely that I am tempted to guess Mr. WILLIAM WATSON.

4.—*The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.*

Guessing is again embarrassing. In the first two lines we have a strong hint of Herr FALB once more. But the two latter lines are sheer JANE OAKLEY, the poetess of the *Times* Agony Column. Note the "lights" as to authorship (in the manner of BACON) in the fourth word of line three. My guess therefore is Miss JANE OAKLEY.

5.—*And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.*

Obviously from a patriotic poem by a Welshman, translated by, say, Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS.

6.—*Who saw life steadily, and saw it
whole.*

I assume the full point at the end to be a misprint for a mark of interrogation. The line is really a question, possibly a conundrum. The only person who asks riddles in verse, to the best of my knowledge, is TOM SMITH, at Christmas time in crackers. This, then, is by TOM SMITH.

7.—*And they stared at the dead that
had been so valiant and true.*

GEORGE R. SIMS.

8.—*And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in
the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how
slowly,
But westward, look! the land is
bright.*

This is clearly political. It contrasts the East and the West. The poet, whoever he is, endeavours to compliment America without offending Russia, China or Japan. I can think of no poet so likely to do this as Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY.

9.—*Other sins only speak: murder
shrieks out.*

The Editor of the *Evening News*.

10.—*Await the slow departure of the
train.*

Obviously of a Kentish poet. On consulting *Who's Who* I find that Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN lives near Ashford Junction Station. My guess is therefore Mr. AUSTIN.

11.—*The incomparable pomp of eve.*

I feel convinced that "eve" should be spelt with a capital E. In this case the line is either by Madame ADAM, Sir WILLIAM EDEN, Mr. HALL CAINE, or Mr. ROBERT ABEL. I think I shall vote for Mr. HALL CAINE, as I find from *Who's Who* that he knew ROSSETTI.

12.—*If goodness lead him not, yet
weariness*

May toss him to my breast.

Another extract of a political character. I conjecture the poet to be speaking in the person of the Liberal Party. Of whom? Of Lord ROSEBURY. Who would be likely to have written such a poem? My guess is NORAH CHESSON, prompted by the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

What will you give me, Mr. *Punch*, for my chances of winning the prize?

Yours ever,

EDIPUS REDIVIVUS.

VICE-VERSÂ.

[“At a debate held at a certain mixed club one of the feminine orators declared that the position of woman would never be satisfactory until she was accorded the right of making proposals of marriage.”—*The World*.]

DAFNE, who in years gone by
Slighted my addresses,
Now with a regretful sigh
Her mistake confesses.

Now with late repentance fired,
Finding leap-year tarry,
DAFNE, of conventions tired,
Urges me to marry.

Though the task was hard to learn
When I had to lose you,
Taught by you 'tis now my turn,
DAFNE, to refuse you.



[According to the *Daily Telegraph* zebra mules have been introduced into India by the Remount Department for military purposes.]

WOULD NOT THEIR INTRODUCTION—AS ABOVE—INTO WHITEHALL LEND A NEW AND EVEN MORE QUAINLY PICTURESQUE TOUCH OF GRANDEUR TO THE SCENE?

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXI.—AN EDUCATIONAL COLLISION.

It is exactly mid-day, and I am at home reclining on a deck-chair on the balcony. Outside in the sun it looks hot, and the brass plate of the High Class Girls' School opposite glints dazzling to the eye. Now and then a tradesman's cart comes down the street with a subdued rattle that rises, swells and dies away, leaving me in a state of delightful rest. From the Infant Board School at the other end of the street comes the monotonous drone of young voices conspiring in the spelling of monosyllables.

A church clock, after some preliminary skirmishing, makes up its mind to strike twelve. Almost immediately the air is rent by yellings and whoopings from the other end of the street, and relieved Young England escapes in a paroxysm of joy from the attentions of an educating State. Down the Street they come, diminutive frocks and diminutive knickerbockers, kicking, yelling, fighting, laughing. Further behind, with sedater steps, walk the older girls, voluble and superior.

A very popular amusement, I observe, among the future lords of creation, is the gathering up of handfuls of dust, which, when rendered adhesive by persevering expectorations, may be scattered and trodden down on clean doorsteps with most successful results, or used with marked effect as missiles

against the persons of the smaller girls. I notice one boy in particular, but lately born a leader of men, a black-hearted ruffian of a toddler in a blue velvet suit and red cloth tam-o'-shanter, whose cheek is bulging over a gigantic sweet—stolen, I strongly suspect, from a little girl who has stopped to sob some way back in the shade of a tradesman's entrance. At his approach even the elder girls wince and shrink. As he passes opposite where I sit, he lifts a tiny fist and throws a handful of dust (prepared as described) at the window of the High Class Girls' School. Immediately there is a stampede of the knickerbockers towards the top of the street, which seems to me to speak badly for the male conscience. The last chubby leg disappears round the corner.

An interval elapses, but there is no sign from the Girls' School. Across the lower half of the window a wicker-work screen discreetly intercepts the impertinent glance (from outside, I suppose), and the sunlit pane above shows me no more than a shimmering reflection of the tree before it.

After a time a red tam-o'-shanter appears cautiously round the corner, and reconnoitres the street. The lesson of the war has not been learnt in vain. Slowly a blue velvet suit follows the red tam-o'-shanter, and the guerrilla leader appears in the open, warily working his sweet beneath a dirty cheek. Gradually the rest of the knickerbockers leave cover and follow their leader circumspectly down the street. Tam-o'-shanter gathers confidence as he advances; soon he nears the door of the Girls' School, then exults like Pyrrhus on the very threshold. With nose and extended fingers he mocks the unseen enemy. This is not enough; suddenly he stretches out his hand, seizes the bell, and a resounding peal breaks the silence of the street.

Off dash the knickerbockered column; off after them toddles Pyrrhus with distended cheek. Suddenly the dazzling brass plate flies inwards, the door bangs open, and a tall, strapping girl rushes out and gives chase up the street. From the first it is plain that Pyrrhus stands no chance. His pursuer's stride speaks of tennis, of hockey, even of the vaulting-horse. Before he has reached the pillar-box at the corner he is seized by the collar in a grip of iron. Struggling, whimpering, squalling, but still sucking the cherished sweet, he is marched back towards the scene of his triumphs. The knickerbockered column hover fearfully at a distance. On the doorstep stands a thin figure in gold pince-nez; behind her, in the hall, I can see fluffy fair and dark heads craning towards the street.

"You're a very naughty little boy,"

says the schoolmistress. "I shall see that your father gives you a good punishment. Where do you live?"

"Woo-er! I never did nothin'," squalls Pyrrhus.

"You wicked little boy!" says the schoolmistress severely. "Tell me where you live."

"Woo-er!" sobs Pyrrhus loudly.

Quite a little crowd, mostly of errand boys and children, has by this time gathered outside.

"Bring him in, KATHLEEN," says the schoolmistress. "Go back to your classrooms, girls. KATHLEEN, take him downstairs."

Pyrrhus, complaining loudly, is dragged in, and the door closes. The knickerbockered column join the crowd by the doorstep. Speculation is rife as to the dark doings within. Suddenly there is a stir among the children, and several of them hurry off to meet a stout woman coming down the street, carrying a dinner in a red-spotted pocket-handkerchief. She stops and bends down towards the children.

"What!" she cries. "Our 'ERBY?—Where?—In there?"

She strides formidably through the group towards the doorstep, and knocks and rings loudly.

"What are they doin' to 'im?" she demanded fiercely.

"Got 'im locked up underground," volunteers a boy on a tradesman's tricycle.

"Ere, GEORGIE!" cries the woman to one of the children, "go an' fetch 'is father. Up at the buildin'. Quick!—Wait till I see 'em."

The door is opened by a maid-servant. "Where's the woman of the 'ouse?" cries the stout woman, forcing her way into the doorway. At the same moment the schoolmistress appears.

"Where's my child?" screams the stout woman. "Wodder yer mean by layin' 'ands on my child?"

"You may have your little boy now," replies the schoolmistress, "and I hope you 'll—"

"Call yerself a lidy!" yells the mother. "'Ow dare yer lock up my child in a cellar?"

"Your child is in the housekeeper's room," says the schoolmistress. "KATHLEEN, you may let the boy up."

"I'll teach yer ter lock up my children in a cellar," yells the mother. "I'll summons yer fer this. I want my child!"

"Here is your child," says the schoolmistress, as Pyrrhus appears, sobbing and sucking alternately. "Now will you go away, please."

"No, I ain't a goin' ter go away!" yells the mother, seizing Pyrrhus roughly by the hand. "'Oo are you ter touch my children? You'll pay for this. Oh, yer—"

"Shut the door, MARY," says the schoolmistress. "Girls, go in at once."

"I ain't goin' ter run away from yer!" screams the mother, barring the doorway. "Oh, yer—"

At this point a man with a face covered with coaldust draws near, and addresses the schoolmistress.

"Give 'er one in the jore, Mum," he advises. "Thet's wot she wants."

"MARY! Can't you shut the door?" appeals the schoolmistress.

"Don't you let 'er tork ter you, Mum," urges Coaldust. "Give 'er one in the jore. She ain't no good."

The outraged mother takes no notice of the interruption.

"You lock my children up in the coal'ole!" she yells. "Oh, yer—"

"Go on, Mum," urges Coaldust.

"You ain't afride of 'er, are yer? Orl right, then—I'll 'it 'er for yer."

With a good deal of deliberation he proceeds to remove his coat.

"What are you doing!" cries the schoolmistress. "Don't dare to hit the woman!"

Coaldust pauses with one arm out of his coat.

"Well, fetch 'er 'usband," he concedes, "an' I'll 'it 'im. I don't mind 'oo I 'it. I'd as soon 'it 'er, though," he adds regretfully.

Suddenly a new voice is heard.

"'Oo's a-goin' to 'it my wife?"

A gentleman in dusty corduroys pushes his way forward.

"Are you 'er 'usband?" inquires Coaldust.

"Yes, I am," replies Brickdust.

"Let's see the man wot's goin' to 'it 'er."

Coaldust turns to the schoolmistress, still scarlet under the appalling fluency of the outraged mother's tongue.

"Woddeyer say, Mum?" he suggests.

"You an' me agenst 'im an' 'er." For the first time the mother pauses in her philippic.

"Locked our 'ERBY in the coal'ole," she cries, turning towards her husband. "I'll summons 'er fer this."

"You're the man that's goin' to 'it my wife," persists Brickdust menacingly. "Let's see yer do it."

"I'll 'it you if yer like," proposes Coaldust.

"You were goin' to 'it my wife," repeats the other, indicating his still voluble spouse with a toil-stained hand. "It 'er, then. There she is. 'It 'er."

Coaldust seems to find the situation a difficult one.

"Go on," urges the other in a burst of exultant generosity; "I give yer full leave to."

"Copper!" suddenly calls a voice. It is the boy on the tricycle. Coaldust and Brickdust look up apprehensively.

For a moment only the mother turns from the doorway, but in that moment the door is slammed from within.

"'Oo are you, I shud like ter know," she screams, addressing the brass door-plate. "'Oo are you ter lock up 'ard-workin' people's children in yer coal'ole!"

A policeman is advancing slowly down the street. Coaldust has wandered nonchalantly off. Brickdust hitches his dinner without a word from the hand of his screaming spouse, and lurches off down the street.

"Constable!" cries the mother, dragging the sobbing Pyrrhus towards the policeman, "I want to take out a summons!"

There is a brief colloquy; then the mother, hurling a parting sarcasm at the door-plate, departs triumphantly after the policeman, dragging Pyrrhus behind her, his tear-stained cheek still working over the distending sweet. The crowd of children follows, the errand boys reluctantly resume their errands, and the street is as it was once more, save that the shadow of the houses has crept a little further across the road. On the doorstep of the High Class Girls' School a sombre-looking individual is stuffing into the letter-box a bluish paper which I recognise, with mixed feelings, as a demand for the rates.

A MODEST WANT.

YOUNG aristocratic Gentleman, philosopher and writer, wants a SECRETARY. Must be very distinguished, well-informed, with complete philosophic, scientific, or artistic culture. Necessary to send photograph and state exact date of birth. All private papers returned. Letters only, to be addressed, &c.

Advt. from the "Times."

My wants are simple, modest, few;

I have not gone insane on

Perfection; but a thing or two

I make my *sine qua non*.

Distinction—I must have a star

Who somehow shines uniquely,

Say, with the lustre of a par

In *T. P. Sims's Weekly*.

On any subject he must start

With absolute reliance,

And be completely up in art,

Philosophy or science.

A RUSKIN, LISTER, J. S. MILL,

Or bird of some such feather

Is what I seek, or, better still,

The trio rolled together.

His features must be handsome, but

I don't insist they follow

In every point the classic cut

Of Hermes and Apollo.

That's all I stipulate, and yet

It seems the Fates deny me

My modest quest: I cannot get

The man to satisfy me.

THE PHAGOCYTE.

["It appears that the white corpuscles, or watchdogs of the human inside, which the Russian physician METCHNIKOFF called Phagocytes, not only seize upon the microbes of any malignant disease, but produce a number of children called amboceptors to help them in the fray." *Daily Paper.*]

HAIL! watch-dogs, genial and alert,
Kind corpuscles arrayed in white,
Who shield me from diseases' hurt—
My Phagocyte!

Where menacing bacilli stalk,
You spring on them with deadly bite,
And their nefarious purpose baulk,
My Phagocyte!

The amboceptor's kindly brood
You raise, and arm them for the fight,
To vie in deeds of hardihood,
My Phagocyte!

When vaccination works its cures,—
When sera keep our system right,
The praise is theirs, the merit yours,
My Phagocyte!

Let others, then, with withering bays,
The warrior's showy deeds requite,
This verse at least shall hymn your praise,
My Phagocyte!

ANOTHER "GIRL" ON THE LIST.

WHAT a nice lot of "Girls" there have been in English musical pieces since the days when *The Bohemian Girl* (a very old girl by now!) made her first appearance. And here is yet another, *The School Girl* at the Prince of Wales's. In the Georgian Edwardian vocabulary "there is no such word as fail." If anything in a musical piece of this sort doesn't "go" on the stage, let it go off! Away with it, and substitute for it something that will catch on.

It is a wise policy, which, we should fancy, will probably be adopted in the case of *The School Girl*, whose proficiency may not quite satisfy her public examiners. The opening scene, of which the action takes place in a garden charmingly painted by HAWES CRAVEN, is quite the prettiest thing in the piece, both musically and dramatically. Of course, as showing the girls in a convent-school, it reminds us of many similar scenes, but especially of *Nitouche*. Here Miss VIOLET CAMERON, as the *Mother Superior*, has a most effective song, with chorus (there's too much chorus throughout the piece), and she sings it, as she acts the part, in quite a Mother-Superior style.

Miss EDNA MAY as *Lillian Leigh*, and Miss MARIE STUDBOLME as *Cicely Marchmont*, are fair to see, sweet to hear, and lively in acting and dancing, whether it be in *The Open Stock Exchange, Paris*, or at the fancy ball held in *Edgar Verney's Studio*, a scene of merrymaking that forcibly brings to mind the pleasantest memories of the First Act of *Trilby*.

Plot?—oh, a snap of the finger and thumb for the plot! The materials, found by librettists HAMILTON and POTTER, are lyrically stitched together by a TAYLER who may yet have to unpick here and there, and to let out a bit and let in a bit, in order to make it a perfect fit. Mr. LESLIE STUART's music is more remarkable for its melodious orchestration than for any great catchiness of tune. Where are the melodies of AUDRAN and PLANQUETTE, the musical humour of SULLIVAN, and the wonderfully dramatic *verve* of OFFENBACH?

As to the acting, Mr. J. A. WARDEN plays a swindling broker capably, and Mr. GILBERT PORTEOUS is amusing as his clerk. Mr. JAMES BLAKELEY is funny in an extravagant

part, and, as *Sir Ormesby St. Leger*, that genuine comedian, Mr. HUNTLEY, delights the audience in a part reminiscent of the *père prodigue* in *My Awful Dad*, who was always going about with ladies of questionable character.

As *Edgar Verney*, the lover, and of course the tenor, Mr. REGINALD SOMERVILLE does satisfactorily the little that falls to his share. We thought we had heard the last of the "Coon Song," but no, here it is again, if not as fresh as ever, yet with a fair amount of vitality.

Throughout, the stage-and-dancing management is good. A reward might be offered by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES for some graceful action for the intelligent young maidens and young men of the chorus which should be absolutely new, a trifle sensible, and never monotonous. *En attendant, vive la bagatelle!* and may *The School Girl* be in the best form and at the head of her class!

"WHATWHATS."

"The vocabulary of science includes compound words designed to describe the combinations of two sorts of measurement: a 'foot-pound,' for instance, is the unit of energy required to raise a weight of one pound to the height of one foot. . . . If in discussing the laws of commerce it is as permissible to coin a word as in the laws of physics, the word 'whenwhat' might pass muster as an expression conveying the important commercial truth that the value of what you buy depends on the time when you buy it."—*Extract (dated May 15) from a familiar and Tremendous Series of Literary Appeals, appearing in the advertisement columns of the daily papers.*

We might go a few steps further with some desiderated correlatives to indicate the relationship between Commodity and Potential Purchaser, e.g.:—

"HOWWHAT" measures the ability, in "time-shillings," of the Man in the Back Street to produce 4/10 per week for a considerable period in order to remedy his admittedly Defective Education.

"WHEREWHAT" connotes in "feet-rent" the space in a Suburban Front-parlour available for bestowal of the purchase before the next Flitting-Day.

"WHYWHAT" expresses in terms of "heat-temper" the language of the House-mistress on receiving the new Treasure on the Door-step and comparing it with the Vanishing Prospect of a Visit to the Dress-maker.

"WHETHERWHAT" denotes in units of "hesitation-minutes" the positive or negative Energy of the Ordinary Opportunist in closing with a Bargain.

"WHITHERWHAT" estimates in "mile-pence" the distance travelled in disposing of each Instalment with a sufficiently Generous Second-hand Bookseller, and the Price obtained for the same.

"WHENCEWHAT" approximates in "acre-puncheons" to the extent and variety of the Advertisements employed in Booming the Article.

"WHEREUNTOWHAT" weighs in "wisdom-waits" *ad hoc* the *cui bono pro tempore* of a *ne plus ultra*.

A REASONABLE EXPLANATION.

"[Bad temper often results from eating too much cereal food, as in the case of children. . . . The system requires very little starchy food."—*Correspondent in "Daily Mail."*]

STERN guardian, forbear to beat

Your peccant child or scholar,

Nor blame him for his temper's heat—

'Tis but the starch you made him eat

That stiffens thus his choler.

HINT TO A POPULAR MANAGERESS.—At the Imperial Theatre, under the command of Miss ELLEN TERRY, why not produce a piece in the style of the now celebrated *Everyman*? Any novelty at this theatre, under the present management, ought to be a "Mys-terry play."